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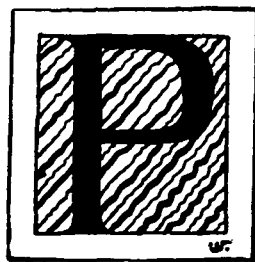
FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, 1902.

YOU lost, in some void hour of heartless mirth,
All thought of friend once dear; and from that day
Forgotten thus, in harder toil and weary way,
That one mourns her who was for him love's birth.
As suns of dazzling gleam must have no dearth
Of worlds on which to shine, your heart's bright ray
Fell full on him,—not constant there to stay
It lifted, when to stay made heav'n of earth.

And yet if Time all just would have it so
That you, when old nor longer fair to see,
Might sigh to think on him for long unthought,—
Then he, with hope unchanged since long ago
His love increased more,—if more could be,
Should wish to give though late that which you sought.

Shelley as a Romancer.

EDWARD T. LONG, 1900.



PREVIOUS to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Keats and Shelley, English literature, but especially English poetry, had fallen into that deep rut: the mechanical, the ruled and compassed form of false classicism. Dryden and Pope had brought a new form of verse into our poetry; the former inventing, the latter perfecting it; and every man with an iota of poetic talent that succeeded them adopted their couplet, their expressions and even their mode of thinking. The Lake School saw that English poetry must become a lost art, verses inferior to the society verses of the French, if it blindly and unreasonably clung to the thoughts and mannerisms of a former creative period. The Lake poets aban-

doned classicism and adopted romanticism; a movement, which, if it did not give us the greatest poet, at least left us much valuable poetry. In going back to nature and naturalness, romanticism tuned the English lyre in a sweeter, higher and more harmonious key; a key in which all the best writers since then have sung.

The true poet, the ideal artist, uses all the different systems that are continually at war. Shakspeare, Homer, Dante, Michael Angelo are idealists, realists, naturalists, classicists and romanticists. They are not devotees of one system of artistic life, but of all forms; since true artistic beauty is the union of truth and goodness with a harmonized variety. Every artist's masterpiece is absolutely good and true, though, in my mind, the variety is not so absolute: but the masterpieces of all great artists are as absolute and beautiful as any handiwork of God, who is the aim and end of all art. There is no such thing as bad art, but degrees of good art; since whatever has the good and true for its end can not be bad. Whether artistic beauty be produced in painting, in sculpture, in music, in poetry, that creation is true and good, and if absolutely good and for all times it has abundant co-ordinated variety. Cordelia is real, ideal, classic and romantic; Achilles is an artist's, a great creator's ideal. Only an inferior and unsafe artist is a partisan of one system. Wordsworth, Horace and Raphael are never altogether beautiful in their creations. We may read Wordsworth till death and never know one of his characters so well as Cordelia; we may spend years gazing at Raphael's Madonnas and never know, love and fear them so much as when we first behold the silent yet awe-inspiring Moses of Michael Angelo.

In all arts there must be a continual struggle between the different systems, just as in the moral world good and evil are always contesting for supremacy. In all forms of art

classicism and romanticism have had the most bouts. Michael Angelo justly disliked the falsely romantic Raphael; Keats was abused by all because he approached very near to Greek classicism; Byron and Leigh Hunt were hooted at because they would not follow any adopted system consecrated by years of blind conservatism.

The influence of the romanticists in all periods has been bitterly opposed by the devotees of the classic element. Absolute romanticism is as bad as blind classicism; as false as overdone realism; as odious as untrustworthy idealism:—systems that the weak, minor and inferior artist can not combine in his work. His workshop is not large enough to hold all the acknowledged and best methods of artistic creation. Only a Pope or a Dryden use classicism alone; only a Byron or a Coleridge, a Raphael or a Shelley employ romanticism too frequently; it is only a Hugo or a Hardy that is falsely ideal; it is only a Zola that is impurely real; only a Wordsworth that is purely "simple;" only a Tennyson is "ornate;" only a Browning is "grotesque;" but Shakspeare, Milton, Homer, Dante, Michael Angelo use all these different systems in their works, and thus produce those wonders of art that startle the souls of all men for all times; creations that mortals can never equal, nay, most of us not even correctly understand.

As man succeeds man, so do systems follow each other. To-day realism triumphs, another day idealism rides in glory. As Dryden and Pope revolted from Chaucer's and Spenser's style and expression, so did the Lake poets and their band of admirers and imitators withdraw from the false classicism created by the foolish and slavish imitators of Dryden and Pope. It was when the romantic movement had gained much progress over false classicism, and when Wordsworth, Coleridge and others were about doing their best work, that Shelley, a man who was as complicated and as little understood as is Shakspeare's Hamlet, appeared in the English literary world.

To repeat the life of Shelley is absurd, yet a detailed account of his life and character up to his eighteenth year, when he produced his two romances, works that were to become the nucleus of his better work, is not altogether misplaced. The narration will, I trust, show how and why the boy was able to write his fantastic works; and why Shelley the

poet wrote so beautifully of all subjects, but especially of those that had something marvellous and superhuman about them.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born August the fourth, 1792, at Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex. The family was a noble one, but not very old, the grandfather of the poet being the first to receive the baronetcy. The only brother of Shelley died young, and the lad was left alone with his five beautiful sisters.

Heredity may be a false system, but in Shelley the vices and few good qualities, and even the bodily endowments of his grandparents and parents appeared. It is related that the poet's paternal grandfather began the system of free love that the poet afterward practised. The grandfather framed the mind and character of the youth. The grandsire loved the boy, and instilled his sceptical philosophy into the youth's mind. Shelley often pictures his grandparent in his poems, especially in "Rosalind and Helen," where one of the characters dies

Pale with the quenchless thirst of gold.

In one of his letters Shelley describes him as an "atheist who looked forward to complete annihilation only at the close of life."

From the moment that intelligence dawned on Shelley he disliked his father. The young lad, with his keen insight, saw that his father was a proud, ambitious, insincere, indeavour, and dishonest man, and he avoided him as much as possible. His father was a man that was a blind partisan of custom, and Shelley always hated rules and customs. Shelley's youthful and original views were distasteful to the rigid and dullard father, and the conservative parent was too much of a dissembler to be agreeable to the young poet. No doubt the impression of his father made him write

The Queen of Slaves,
The hood-winked angel of the blind and lame,
Custom.

Shelley's early years were spent in the company of his mother and five sisters; hence the reason of the feminine cast that appears throughout his work. His love for his sisters was always childlike, and these beautiful creatures became the type of the Platonic love he laid at the feet of all women. Any man that has freely associated with his sisters invariably has a high ideal of womanhood. In all his life Shelley fondly recalled the happy days spent with his mother and sisters, and the delight a happy home, a kind mother

and lovely sisters always bring. Shelley describes his home admirably in the "Revolt of Islam:"

The starlight smile of children, the sweet looks
Of women, the fair breast from which I fed,
The murmur of the unrepining brooks,
And the green light which, shifting overhead,
Some tangled bower of vines around me shed,
The shells on the sea sand and the wild flowers,
The lamp-light through the rafters cheerly spread,
And on the twining flax, in life's young hours,
These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit's folded
powers.

(To be continued.)

Not Lost yet Found.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, 1902.

"Ten dollars isn't so great a sum!" said Joe Allen to his room-mate Simpson. "I doubt whether I'd tear things up the way Winton has for ten dollars. He tells me he has instructed the book-stores, the post-office, and the cigar store down on Twelfth Street to be on the lookout for a fellow with two ordinary five-dollar bills. As if old nick himself could suspect a man of stealing ten dollars merely because he happened to have two five-dollar bills!"

"I tell you, Joe," Simpson said while he put down his lecture book to look amusingly at his good-natured comrade, "Winton suspects you the least bit!"

"The devil, he does!" quickly retorted Joe.

"You see," continued Simpson, "I've got a key that fits Winton's door. Last Tuesday you asked me for the key to go into his room for a book. Of course you remember?"

"Yes," grunted Allen.

"Now he claims those two bills were lying on a chair where he had carelessly left them when changing his trousers. Merely circumstantial, you know; sort of a coincidence that you should chance in his room that morning and he'd miss those bills that very same noon?"

Here Simpson stopped a moment to take a good look at Allen who remained speechless. Simpson plodded on:

"Now, of course, you had to tell Winton you were in his room that morning; and afterward you acknowledged to me that when he told you of the theft you instinctively reached in your pocket to pay him seven dollars you owed him, but that you drew back your hand guiltily when you thought how suspicious it

would look for you to put out two five-dollar bills when he had just lost that amount."

Simson halted, and with a frown began sharpening a pencil as if he were completely baffled.

"Come, come! Let's ease up on that!" chimed in Allen at last awake to the situation. "Naturally, I hate to have any man suspect me. This shows what circumstantial evidence will do. Hangs men, sometimes, eh? Guess they wouldn't hang a fellow for ten dollars? At all events, I must find some way of exonerating myself!"

At this Allen stepped spryly from the room, and Simpson quietly laughed to himself, but took on a less amused air when he poked his nose into a well-worn Demosthenes.

Allen immediately knocked at Winton's door and stealthily slipped in, since it was evening study-hour. He spoke softly to Winton:

"What in Zeus is all this talk about your losing ten dollars? Four or five different fellows have laid particular stress on the circumstance, and have hinted that you suspected me?"

Allen spoke in such an injured tone and so seriously that Winton threw up his hands in laughter before he thought, then when he saw the cat was out of the bag, he said:

"I haven't had any money stolen, Joe! Simpson is having some sport with you; that's all. He came over Tuesday afternoon and said you had been in my room and that we had best have some fun with you. He told me to tell you that I had had ten dollars stolen from my room Tuesday morning, and to pretend that I did not know you were in my room. Then he said he would lay out a scheme of action whereby we should get sufficient circumstantial evidence to make you squirm."

"You don't say?" Allen mumbled, looking somewhat beaten. He jumped to his feet, however, and said on leaving Winton:

"We'll let this run on, and when the climax is about to be pulled off, why, we'll fool him at his own game!"

When the room-mates put by their books for the night, Allen remarked to Simpson:

"This money business is worrying me. I'm bound if I don't hate to have a fellow suspect me of stealing."

"Don't take it hard, Joe," said Simpson, "we'll get you out all right! By the way I've a happy thought: give me the numbers on those bills of yours. Winton told me yesterday that he had the numbers of the stolen bills."

"Has the numbers!" Joe exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes; you see it's this way,"—Simpson held down his head to make the lie,—*"Hinky Slavin was in Winton's room the other night, and at some trivial bet Winton pulled out those bills. 'Saved, saved!' shouted Hinky. 'The first bills I have had in my hands for a coon's age! Same old stuff,—numbered as of old. I'll take the numbers if I can't have the bills!' There-upon Hinky wrote down the numbers."*

Simpson slightly doubtful of the success of his deceit, looked over at Allen as the other took his nightly exercise with the dumb-bells. Allen appeared sober and believing, and presently added:

"This seems to me to be a confoundedly funny business. I'll give you the numbers, though, in the morning. We'll get Winton in here. I'll give him my numbers, then he'll know I am not the guilty party. How's that?"

"Good head, old man!" Simpson threw over instead of a good-night, and he chuckled himself to sleep thinking how cleverly he had entrapped Allen.

After Logics on the following morning Simpson caught Winton in the corridor. He slapped him on the back and smiled happily:

"Things are working great. Allen is taking the joke hard. Actually feels bad to think you'd suspect him of taking your money. I went on last night until I persuaded him that you had the numbers of the lost bills. Made up a whopper about Hinky Slavin being in your room and having taken the numbers in fun. That's the biggest chunk Allen has had to swallow yet. He appeared to take his medicine like a man. Here's the numbers of his two bills. I'm going to ask a lot of fellows in to-night when you will happen in, and we'll gradually bring up the stolen-money subject. I'll take three five-dollar bills I have out of my trunk and read off their numbers to prove I haven't got your missing bills. To keep even, Allen will do the same, then we've got him! Not bad, is it?"

Simpson ran for the Latin room while Winton hustled up to see Allen. The two were long closeted together, and appeared wise and expectant during the remainder of the day. At eight that night when prayer was over a half-dozen fellows—all asked in by Simpson—sauntered into room 33 as if by chance. Last of all came Winton. Allen pretended to be greatly surprised at the roomful. Finally, Simpson spoke up:

"Now, Winton, I haven't liked the way you have carried the impression outside that Allen or I took those ten dollars you had stolen. We are but two out of an hundred and fifty rooming in this building. When you suspect Allen I'd have you know you suspect *me*! This whole turmoil hurts me as much as it can him. Didn't you say you had the numbers of the stolen bills?" Simpson darted an angry look at Winton.

"Yes, and I propose to use them when the time comes to do so!" Winton shot back in a strained voice, while the visitors uneasily watched the door for fear some prefect would spoil the fight.

"Well then, now is your time!" Simpson stormed. "I'll open my trunk. I happen to have three five-dollar bills myself. I shall read off the numbers just to prove that I haven't stolen your money!" While he opened his desk drawer to take out the trunk key he winked at Allen as much as to say, "Now do your strong work!"

Allen, as if in response to the cue, said:

"Say, Winton, I have two five-dollar bills here. Read out your numbers!"

All the fellows were intent upon Winton as he read:

"Bill one, numbered 3,667,889; bill two numbered 5,699,893!"

"Neither of those numbers are printed on my bills," Allen answered handing them over for the boys to examine. Simpson had just pulled his pocket-book out of the trunk, and, still on his knees, looked at Allen with a most puzzled expression. He was so crestfallen he would have let his money fall back into the lid had not Allen said:

"Simpson, bring over your bills. You have taken so much pains to clear me I insist on proving your innocence!"

Simpson colored noticeably and rather petulantly read off the numbers on his bills:

"First, 3,667,889; second, 2,876,263; third, 5,699,893.

This was too much, the room came down. Just as the furniture began to take on ominous scrapings there came a suspicious rap at the door. An unnatural hush followed, while the culprits filed out each richer by twenty-five demerits. As for Allen and Simpson, the prefect divided an even hundred notes between them. Allen said it was worth more than that to turn the tables on a practical joker, and after serious second thought, Simpson became of the same opinion.

Varsity Verse.

BLOSSOM AND FRUIT.

VAIN, how vain are dreams of youth
That hold us in their spell,
To leave lost hopes in chaos where
Their golden castles fell!

Could youth not dream, then none would know
The sting of after pain
That comes when Life's gray twilight proves
The dream of youth was vain.

But mellow fruits that gild the bough
From faded blossoms grow;
And all the brightness of the day
Creeps through lost morning's glow.

And often, too, the things in life
That grand to us will seem,
Are a precious aftermath that blooms
Beyond youth's idle dream.

J. L. C.

STOLEN SWEETS.

In this little fragrant rose
There's a charm that no one guesses—
Save only one that knows;
In this little fragrant rose.
Once it nestled 'mong the bows
Of the ribbons round her tresses—
In this little fragrant rose
There's a charm that no one guesses.

F. G. M.

IN FISHIN' TIME.

When the days begin to lengthen
An' the sun shines bilin' hot,
Like to jest shirk manual labor,
An' hunt up some shady spot,
Where the dandy-lions blossom
An' the blue forget-me-not
Sets a feller recollectin'
Folks he'd purty nigh forgot.

Take it Sunday, after meetin'
When the woods seem half asleep,
Like to jest get down and waller
Where the lazy shadders creep
Back and forth among the flowers
An' the grass so green and deep—
There ain't no pleasure any better,
An' no other half so cheap.

Watch the bees a-buzzin' round ye—
Only things that seem alive—
Get their legs all dipt in yeller
An' then, light out fer the hive.
They're hard-workin' little critters,
But I laugh to see 'em dive
Down a blossom till they're smothered,
Then come backin' out—alive.

C. C. M.

SORROW.

My burdened soul with wakened sight
The phantoms of her lost hopes sees;
And funeral marches play to-night
On Memory's quivering keys.

C. L. A.

The Nameless One.

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, 1901.

(CONCLUSION.)

There was one Clarence Mangan who for many years was a copyist and an attorney's clerk; who eked out a miserable weekly wage to support a mother and sister withal; who, indeed, was known in the police courts. But there was another Mangan, a being who saw with human eyes what few mortals may see, and who could sit rapt listening to the eternal harmonies; a being highly intellectual; a spiritual creature who often lived far out beyond our common sphere.

His early hopes and aspirations must have been lofty, and it is certain that he got nothing to feed them on at home. From the world a noble and sensitive nature may expect but little, for the world may not understand it; but, truly from one's kin a little sympathy is expected. How much do English letters and morals owe to the gentle sister of Wordsworth who shared in her brother's trials when the wise called him a "booming fool?" But Mangan had no voice to spur him on until it was too late and his race had been almost run. Whatever he learned, he got by himself; and he came by a great deal. He was a man of wide, though irregular, culture; a scholar, although his school term lasted but a few years. By what magic he became master of German, French and Spanish we can not guess, unless he picked them up in the rookery and attorney's office; teaching himself while his fellows swore around him.

His translations from the German are especially remarkable in bulk and quality. He has selections from the works of more than forty German poets. Scarcely any of his translations can be called flat. A part of a musical lyric from Tiek may serve to illustrate his work, for it stands between his best and most indifferent:

A little bird flew through the dell,
And when the fading sunbeams fell
He warbled thus his wondrous lay,
"Adieu! adieu! I go away;
Far, far,
Must I voyage ere the twilight star."

It pierced me through, the song he sang,
With many a sweet and bitter pang:
For wounding joy, delicious pain
My bosom swelled and sank again.
Heart! heart!
Is it drunk with bliss or woe thou art?

He was deeply read in the lore of the eastern climes, and he has left us some beautiful poems purporting to be translations from the Arabic and Turkish. One of these, "The Days of the Barmecides," is well known. He has others more powerful, as "The Wail and Warning of the Three Khalandeers," or the "Karamanian Exile," with its sad refrain:

I see thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman! oh, Karaman!
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman! oh, Karaman!

These poems had their origin in the brain of Mangan. He pretended they were translations, and when asked why he did so answered, "Hafiz,"—the author he attributed them to—"pays better than Mangan."

He did not always carry over the metre of a poem, but he never failed to catch its spirit. He is always a poet, never a mere translator.

His nature was very reverent. When he dwelt upon the purpose of life, he seems to have the awe that overpowers the star-gazer; and sometimes he was appalled.

The poems he chose for translation rarely had to do with love. His experience with his Frances was never turned into capital. From a source whence has come half of the rimes in the world—good and bad—Mangan never drew. He was too modest, too refined, to bare his soul to men. Poets are not necessarily fortunate in affairs of the heart, but they are not always inconsolable. Camoens, after long bewailing his youthful mistress, found comfort in the charms of a captive negress. Burns, though he sat out all night gazing at the heavens and thinking of his "Mary, dear, departed shade," was not oblivious to the good looks of his "bonnie Jean." The songs, sonnets and madrigals written to loves who became dead to poets are innumerable. Let us note that Mangan restrained himself under like circumstances that gave rise to those verses *amoroso*. We should respect his delicacy and sanity in thus curbing himself.

The one passion predominant with him was the love of his country. It is pitiful now to think of the efforts he made to stir himself to action in her cause. He would do something; he knew not what. He did write many ardent and stirring patriotic poems for nation-

alist papers. This was a labour of love: for he needed rum and opium, and could be engaged in more profitable literary work. His patriotism was of an active sort; as active as his feeble body would permit. Any purely national poem of his is far superior in ring and sincerity to those of his countryman, Moore. That poet was too fond of flowery bowers and lover's lanes, and too prone to weep over dead roses, to undergo what Mangan's ardent soul in its infirm case would dare. The patriotism of our poet militated against his universal recognition as a man of letters. We can hardly say that this was unjust, for one of the requisites of art is that it be wide enough for all. Patriotism may arouse a deep and genuine emotion, but at the same time, it may produce unbalanced and detestable verses. Mangan never made any bid for the favour of the English-reading public. Even if he did greater lights would have eclipsed him.

But if he ignored the readers of the step-sister island, there is no cultured man of his own country whose heart he has not won. He is pre-eminently the English poet of the Irish; the one bard who voiced in the stranger's tongue the hope and the spirit of the Gael. And yet, while doing it, he feared his incapacity for the task. In his song of "Soul and Country," he says:

My countrymen, my words are weak,
My health is gone, my soul is dark,
My heart is chill—

But one thing he did for his country, and that was to render into stately English verses old Gaelic poems. Although he knew no Gaelic, but had to work from a literal translation set before him by his friends, Eugene O'Curry and John O'Daly, Mangan has produced poems instinct with the Gaelic spirit in its deepest sense. In doing this he unconsciously led a movement that has grown mighty since his time. For it was owing in a measure to what Sir Samuel Ferguson saw of beauty in Mangan's Irish translations, that he took up the study of the ancient tongue. Hundreds have followed the example of Ferguson. Our simple poet never dreamed he had put so mighty a force in motion.

The history of his land, sad and regretful like his nature, keenly appealed to him. Her songs of pleasure or of love he did not touch, but he has woven powerful rime, ringing with the clang of the sword and heart-rending wails for fallen heroes and glory faded. Instance his

translation from the Irish of Owen Ward, "An Elegy for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell." It is addressed by the bard of O'Donnell to a young princess, who in exile at Rome, bewails the death of two young noble kinsmen:

Oh! woman of the piercing wail,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan
Would God thou wert among the Gael
Thou wouldst not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before around a grave
In green Tyrconnell one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.

Beside the wave in Donegal,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killillee,
Or where the sunny waters fall
At Assaroe, near Emos shore
This could not be.
On Derry's plains, in rich Drumcliff,
Throughout Armagh, the great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial ground
Fresh flood of tears.

This dirge has eighteen stanzas, with stately sweep and woe that does not whine. In most of his poems that are entirely original, there is a sorrowful cadence. I say entirely original for Mangan usually added something to any poem that he translated.

His work, for this reason, can come under four headings: mere translations, poems improved in translating, poems purporting to be translations, and poems strictly original. We have seen examples of these kinds; the "Autumn Song" comes under the first heading, the elegy under the second, the "Karamanian Exile," an original poem said to be a translation, exemplifies the third. For the last we might quote from "The One Mystery."

Tis idle! we exhaust and squander
The glittering mine of thought in vain;
All-baffled reason can not wander
Beyond her chain.
The flood of life runs dark—dark clouds
Make lampless night around its shore;
The dead, where are they? In their shrouds—
Man knows no more.

The note of sorrow in Mangan's poems is natural. For let us consider what his life was; one prolonged series of dreams and fearful awakenings. Consider how this sensitive creature had to spend his life. He who would dwell where steep cliffs shut out the noises of the world, where only the twitter of a linnet

or the whisper of a stream might break the stillness, was forever walled up in the dust and sin of a city. He whose body was chained to a desk, often in spirit was going down the Rhine, gazing on castle and crag and purple bursting grape. He who in fancy could sweep over the mountains of Italy and by the storied isles of the Mediterranean, at last to tent with the Arab in the desert, or from under the turrets and minarets of the Ottoman could watch the veiled maiden of the east go by, had no other prospect before him but to drudge for an attorney at so many shillings a week. There was no wish of his gentle, dutiful heart ever satisfied. He could only sing as a caged thrush does that has always been used to the cage. And sing Mangan did in varied notes: imitating the German and the Spaniard, or in sad and rolling cadences reviving the song of his own land, or else imitating the Arab and Ottoman in quaint and measured chants.

He sang one final song; a poem unmatched for its kind, and maybe it is well there are not many like it. It holds the last throb of his breaking heart. Not even "The City of Dreadful Night" is more dismal, or hopeless. It sums up the story of Mangan's wasted life, and is full of tears and regret, and speaks of woe incurable this side of eternity. This poem is called the "Nameless One," a title Mangan very appropriately gave himself. It consists of fourteen four-line stanzas, and runs thus:

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last home of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give;
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages
The way to live.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow
And want and sickness and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

He here speaks the final word about himself; the dreams and hopes that once he had, and how far they were from being realities.

The World's Epics.

SEDGWICK HIGHSTONE, 1901.

(CONCLUSION.)

All this time Penelope, Odysseus' wife, had been mourning her lord's absence. Years elapsed and no Odysseus came, and scores of courtiers were continually at her side, begging her to marry one of their number. Penelope set up a huge web, and pretended that she had to finish a shroud for Odysseus' father before she would marry. So day by day she would weave, and at night unravel the work. At last this was discovered, and soon the web had to be finished. Odysseus in the disguise of a beggar reached the palace and killed her suitors. He then appears before the faithful Penelope, and great is her joy when she recognizes her lord. Next he seeks his father, and the old man falls fainting into his arms. Thus ends the poem with one of the most beautiful and touching scenes in all literature.

The Mahabharata is thought to be written by the poet Vysase. It comprises many legends, episodes and philosophical treatises which have been worked into one heroic narrative. The poem consists of eighteen cantos or 200,000 lines, and is, perhaps, the longest poem ever written. It is very beautiful in some parts, still in many places the poet has disregarded some of the rules of the epic, and his extreme exaggeration greatly mars the work.

The plot of the story is very intricate. The royal house of the Hastinapura, called the lunar race, had for its present king Bharata. On his death succession lay between two brothers. The older being blind gave up to his brother Pandu; but the latter soon tired of ruling, and spent the rest of his life in the forest, so Dhritarashtra once more assumed power. Pandu died and left five sons, who returned to their uncle's kingdom where they were received with great joy and educated with his own sons of which he had one hundred. Both families being descended from their grandfather Kuru were called Kauravos, but later on this name was adopted by the sons of Dhritarashtra, while the other family were called Pandavos. The rivalry between these two families formed the plot.

The latter soon became very powerful, so the Kauravos persuaded their old father to banish his nephews. During this time Draupoli,

daughter of another king, was won by a member of the Pandavos family in contest and became the wife of the five brothers. The Pandavos were banished to the forest for twelve years, then if they passed another year without discovery they might return to the kingdom again. After the time had elapsed, they disguised themselves as warriors and received positions at the court of a certain King Virattu. Here trouble soon broke out; the queen's brother fell in love with Draupoli, and was slain by one of Draupoli's husbands. When the Kauravos learned that their mighty enemy had been killed, they began to invade the kingdom, but King Virattu, with the assistance of the Pandavos, defeated them. Yudhishthira, one of the Pandu princes now became king, but he soon grew weary of this life, so together with his wife and four brothers and a dog, he started for Mount Meru. All died on the way except himself and his dog. They reached heaven's gate at last, but the dog was denied admittance, so the king refused to desert him. The dog turned out to be justice, who had disguised himself in this way to try the king. Then they entered heaven, but the king failed to see his brothers or his wife. He was told that they were in the nether world to cleanse themselves from sin, and he begged to suffer with them. This was but another attempt to prove his fidelity. They were all soon united and lived together for all eternity.

The Ramayana is a poem in which Rama forms the centre or character around which the story shapes itself. It consists of 24,000 slokas or 48,000 lines, and is divided into seven books. Valmiki was perhaps the poet who wrote this poem.

The first book tells of King Dásartha of Ayodhya and his four sons by three wives. Rama is the greatest of the brothers, for he has the wonderful power of bending the great bow once the property of the god Rudra. He wins for his wife Sita, the daughter of another powerful king. The second book tells of his return to Ayodhya, and the treachery of the queen in forcing the king to exile Rama so her own son may be king. The king dies and the queen's son becomes ruler. He tries to persuade Rama to return and become king, but Rama refuses. The third book explains Rama's struggle with a female demon, who gets her brother, a demon king of Ceylon, to steal Sita. The fourth book explains how Rama entered into a league with Sugriva, the

king of the monkeys. The fifth book shows how the monkeys build a bridge across the strait by tearing up rocks and trees. The sixth book tells of Rama's victory over the demon. Sita undergoes an ordeal by fire to show that she has not lost any of her purity or chastity by contact with the demon. The seventh explains their return to Ayodhya, and the disbelief of the people as to Sita's purity. Sita is then abandoned by Rama and betakes herself to the forest. She marries Valmiki, and gives birth two sons. These grow up and become renowned as brave warriors. At last Rama sees and recognizes them; and takes them and their mother back home with him.

The Nibelungenlied is the great poem of the German people. This poem, like all other national epics, was of gradual growth. These hundreds of fragments of myths and legends assumed different forms until they were united into the Nibelungenlied. This epic is remarkable for its characterization; Kriemhild is a wonderful bit of imaginative art, and Siegfried is likewise poetically portrayed.

Kriemhild, the heroine of the poem, lived at Worms with her brothers, Gunther, Gernot and Giselher. Siegfried, son of the king of the Netherlands, comes to court, and soon wins the hand of Kriemhild. He possesses the magic hoard which had been taken from two princes of the Nibelungen land. Siegfried is represented as killing a dragon, and bathing in its blood whereby he is made invulnerable except in one spot between the shoulders where a leaf fell before the blood had dried. Just before his marriage he sailed with Gunther to Iceland to aid him in winning Brunhild for a wife. Brunhild refused to marry him until he had defeated her in three games. With the aid of Siegfried he comes off victorious. But Gunther and his wife did not live happily, so Siegfried succeeds in getting Brunhild's ring and girdle, and then Gunther had no more trouble. Siegfried and Kriemhild returned to the Netherlands where they lived in luxury and splendor for several years, as the Nibelungen hoard supplied them with all they desired. Then they visit Worms where Brunhild and Kriemhild become deadly rivals, and the former plots revenge. She decided to kill Siegfried. Hagen, her assistant, learns from Kriemhild the spot where Siegfried is vulnerable. Too late, Kriemhild sees the plot, and the rest of the poem treats of her desire for revenge. At last Kriemhild marries Etzel, king of the Huns, and lives with him for thir-

teen years. Then Gunther and his followers visit the land of the Huns and are killed. The story closes with the search for the Nibelungen hoard, which had been taken by Gunther at the time of Siegfried's death. Kriemhild commands Hagen to deliver it, but he refuses, so she kills him; and she in the end suffers death at the hand of one of her own warriors.

The Kallwala, the Finish epic, is a pagan poem, which was finished about the year 1836. Like the other epics, it consists of legends, beliefs and myths of the Fins. It contains about 22,793 lines, and its metre is somewhat like that of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. The poem takes its name from Kallawa, the land of plenty, and tells of the many battles that took place between the Fins and Laps.

The Shah-nama is the great work of Persian literary art; or, as some one has said, "the glorious monument of Eastern genius and learning." This epic forms the model which all later Persian poets followed. Prince Nuh II., who had great love for his country as well as a deep admiration for poetry, had the poet Dakiki take the legends, traditions and beliefs of the heroic age of Iran as set down in the *Khoda-mamo*, or *Book of Kings*, and form a great epic out of them. But Dakiki met an untimely death, and the real work of the poem should be credited to Firdausi. It was his genius and powerful mind that did most of the work, and presented this wonderful epic to his people.

The Poem *a-del Cid* is the great literary monument of Spain. It is only fragmentary, and consists of about 3744 lines. It is written in a very rough and uncouth style, still it is remarkable for its wonderful fire of pure poetry; its brilliant scenes and epical grandeur. Roderigo Droz de Bivar, the great hero of Spain, is the leading character, and the poem narrates the wonderful and almost improbable deeds that he accomplished.

The French can not boast of a great epic, although they have a number of excellent heroic poems. The Anglo Saxons have no great epic unless we call *Beowulf* one; but this is nothing more than a series of sagas. America, although a land of adventure and legends, has no work that is worthy of the name of epic. *Hiawatha* is the nearest approach to one, and this falls far below the standard of the epic. So we see that in all the world of literature—a field where poets have been at work for centuries—these great masterpieces, the epics, are very few in number.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Reporters.

—The preliminaries for the Oratorical Contest, held on last Wednesday, was spirited and well contested throughout. Each man showed that he had worked carefully and diligently on the subject that he had chosen, and the decision of the judges was close. The six men chosen to compete in the finals on May the 29th are Messrs. Kenny, Szalewski, Highstone, Sullivan, Jones and O'Connor.

—In this boasted age of enlightenment and progress, peculiar incidents often arise which, to say the least, are amusing. The prevalent tendency toward trust formation has at last reached the field of musical composition. Some ingenious mind conceived the idea of controlling the output of all the celestial strains that are to soothe men's souls for the future; but now that he has attempted to carry out his plan, it seems that unforeseen difficulties threaten to ruin every prospect of success. The trouble apparently comes from the objection on the part of the rag-time publishers to a proposed distinction between their productions and the rhapsodies of Beethoven. In other words, as the popular phrase goes, "All music looks alike to them." One of the prominent publishers of the "coon

style" ditties remarks that classical music can be produced as cheaply as other kinds and would be appreciated more fully if the price for the compositions was not held so high. It is a queer world when the excellence of music is judged by the corresponding drain on the people's pocketbook.

—For the benefit of our scribes and all who expect to eke out a living at the end of a quill, we call attention to a few facts concerning the profits of novel-writing, which have lately come under our observation. At no time in the world's history has literature been so widely scattered and taken up by the people generally. The nature of it is, undoubtedly, far from being such as would inspire the genuine literary artist with hope; yet the outlook is not altogether discouraging. Recent figures show that some of the works of popular fiction have reached a sale of five hundred thousand copies, while the total distribution of this merchandise for the year has reached the enormous sale of two million copies. From this, one fact is evident: that the people generally are interested in fiction; and it devolves upon all writers of the future to try to improve the literary taste of the reading public, and to set, at least, a better standard in this line than we enjoy at present.

—There are few lines of work that test a man's ability more fully than that of lecturing, which requires the two main faculties of keen criticism and oratory. We wish to call the attention of our readers to the success lately achieved by one of our men in this field.

Mr. Hering, a former editor of the SCHOLASTIC, and at present one of our teachers, did some very good work last fall as a lecturer; so that now his ability as an interesting and instructive speaker is recognized throughout the state. We point out a few of the lectures that he has been called upon to deliver in the near future:

May 17—Commencement address in High School at Walkerton, Ind.

" 24—Address to teachers and students at Plymouth, Ind.

" 26—Alumni address at North Branch, Mich.

" 26—Address to Current Topic Club, Kendallville, Ind.

June 25—Commencement address at High School at North Branch, Mich.

" 30—Lecture on Burns at South Bend.

July 17—Address at annual meeting of Pennsylvania Society at Elkhart, Ind.

The Formal Presentation of the Lætare Medal.

(Special Telegram to SCHOLASTIC.)

The formal presentation of the Lætare Medal took place in the presence of a most distinguished gathering of ecclesiastics and laymen. Amongst those present were: The Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan; the Right Rev. John M. Farley, New York City; Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, Bishop of Brooklyn; Right Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, Bishop of Indianapolis; Right Rev. J. A. Mooney, Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, Rev. Charles H. Colton, Rev. Matthew A. Taylor, Rev. James J. Dougherty, Rev. Henry A. Brann, Rev. Thomas W. Wall, Rev. M. J. Lavalley, Rector of Cathedral, New York City; Rev. David W. Hearn, S. J., President of St. Xavier's College; Rev. George A. Pettit, S. J., Fordham College; Rev. Neil McKinnon, S. J., Rev. Luke J. Evers, Rev. Michael C. O'Farrell, Rev. Gabriel Healy, Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., Rev. Dr. Dyer, Rector of Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, and other clergymen. Chevalier Mansius, Dr. Heberman, Mr. D. H. McBride, Catholic Publisher, and Dr. Mooney were also present. Very Reverend President Morrissey read the following address in behalf of the University:

To

The Honorable Bourke Cockran, LL. D.,

FROM

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,

GREETING!

Sir: For years the people of the United States have viewed with admiration your public career, illustrated by so many and such signal successes at the bar and in the forum. They have learned to wait upon your counsel in times of national crisis and to trust in your wisdom; and even when your countrymen were divided on questions of public policy, there has been an impressive unanimity of sentiment regarding your civic virtue and the lofty purposes that have dominated your public acts. In this general admiration, your brethren in religion have had an especial share, for your life has helped to prove to men of other faiths that loyal acceptance of the teachings of Holy Church and conscientious obedience to her laws, are the surest guarantee of a life of public usefulness; and that he best renders to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, who most scrupulously renders to God the things that are God's. To the men of your faith, you have shown that true religion does not clip the wings of lawful ambition, but aids and directs it in its flight; that this

Heaven-appointed country offers to industrious youth unlimited opportunity on terms wholly honorable and compatible with religious duty; and that the conscientious practice of Catholic faith is no longer a handicap in the race for the prizes of life. Therefore, the Faculty of

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,

in recognition of your eminent ability, of your distinguished public services and your unwavering devotion to your faith, confers on you

THE LÆTARE MEDAL

made honorable by association with so many illustrious names. High and well-deserved honors have come to you from your admiring countrymen; we are glad to add our tribute to theirs. Fellow-laborers with you in the service of religion and humanity, we have pride in doing you this public honor, and we wish you increased power and God-speed!

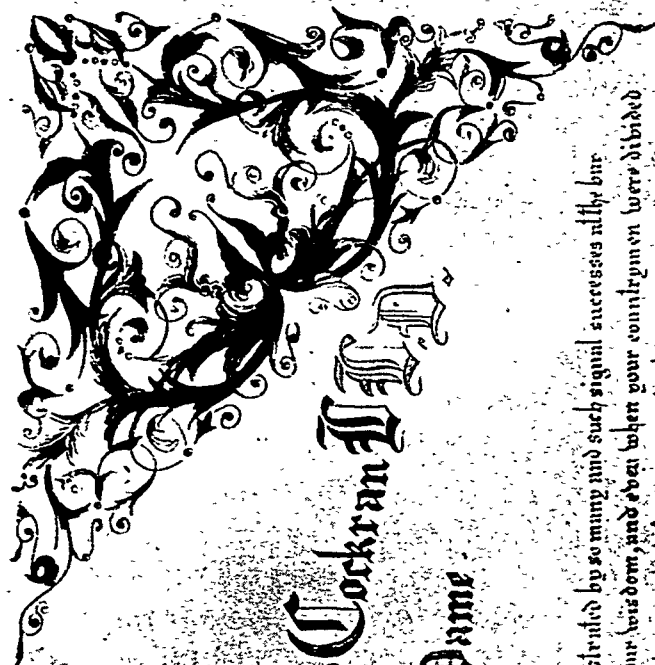
After Archbishop Corrigan had conferred the medal, The Honorable Bourke Cockran responded in an eloquent speech, in which he thanked the University for the great honour that it had conferred upon him. Throughout his whole discourse, he emphasized strongly the necessity of religion and morality as the most important factors in the formation of American citizenship. His remarks were, in substance, as follows:

The family is essentially the foundation of society, and in the preservation of pure and noble family ties lies the one great hope for the education and uplifting of our people. He denounced divorce as one of the greatest dangers that threaten the welfare of our country, and lauded the strict and unyielding spirit of the Catholic Church on this point. He said, moreover, that the preservation of the fabric of our Constitution must depend ultimately upon religion and morality. He eulogized throughout the attitude assumed by Catholics on all civic questions.

The presentation was held at the archiepiscopal residence, and after the ceremonies were concluded luncheon was served to the guests. The detailed speech of Mr. Cockran will be printed in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

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We take pride in informing our readers that the design for the presentation speech comes from the art studies of our sister Academy. It is assuredly an excellent specimen of artistic work, and reflects great credit upon those that were connected with it. The design is unique and well finished and the coloring is especially suited to give the whole a pleasing effect.



To
The Honorable William Bourke Cockran
 from
The University of Notre Dame

Greeting.

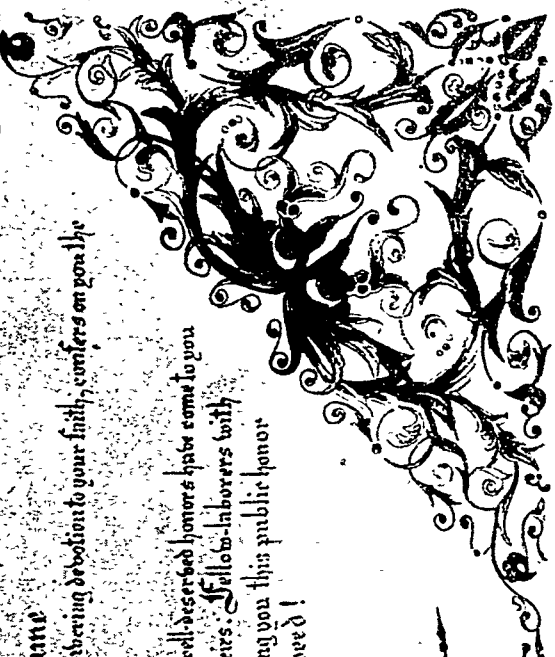
Sir: For years the people of the United States have looked with admiration your public career, illustrated by so many and such signal successes in the bar and in the forum. When you have learned to wait upon your counsel in times of national crisis and to trust in your wisdom, and even when your countrymen were divided on questions of public policy, there has been an impressive unanimity of sentiment regarding your civic virtue and the lofty purposes that have dominated your public acts. In the general admiration your brethren in religion have had an especial share, for your life has helped to prove to men of other faiths that loyal acceptance of the teachings of Holy Church and conscientious obedience to her laws are the surest guarantee of a life of public usefulness; and that he best renders to Christ the things that live Christ's who most scrupulously renders to God the things that live God's. To the men of your faith you have shown that true religion does not clip the wings of laudable ambition but aids and directs it in its flight; that the Christian-appointed country offers to industrious youth unlimited opportunity in terms both honorable and compatible with religious duty; and that the conscientious practice of Catholic faith is no longer handicap in the race for the prizes of life. Therefore the Faculty of

The University of Notre Dame

in recognition of your eminent abilities, of your distinguished public services and your unswerving devotion to your faith, confers on you the

Wetare Medal

made honorable by association with so many illustrious names. High and well-deserved honors have come to you from your admiring countrymen; we are glad to add our tribute to theirs. Fellow-laborers with you in the service of religion and humanity, we have pride in doing you this public honor and we wish you increased power and God speed!



Beloit and Adkins Win.

BELOIT, 7; N. D., 2.

After taking a lead of two well-earned runs, Notre Dame went down in defeat before Beloit and their star pitcher, Adkins. At any time after the fourth inning our fellows might have won out until Beloit clinched the game in the ninth. The way we took to the curves Adkins sent up in the opening innings the game looked to be easy for us. Fleete was pitching beautifully and our men were fielding superbly until that bad fourth. Ever since the season began we have had one bad inning in each game, and last Saturday it was the fourth.

After Beloit had taken the lead in runs we still had a chance to go to the front. The innings and the opportunities passed by with awful persistency, and the ninth came, but our runs did not grow. Adkins did some clever pitching; and to his work and the timely hitting of his comrades our defeat is chiefly due. To lose such a game is hard. But we can not expect to win every game. Baseball is uncertain wherever it is played, and the best team does not always come off victorious. We have an excellent nine this season, and we should take a fair share of the games played. Beloit made her four runs in the fourth on two outs, a stolen base, two errors and four hits. They were blanked then until the ninth when four more hits, two pilfered bags and an error gave them three, making a total of seven.

Our two runs came, one in the second on Walsh's drive for two bases and O'Neill's neat single to centre. Morgan picked out one of Adkins' benders that appeared to please him, and cantered home before the out fielders for Beloit could get the ball back. We tried hard in the ninth and a few innings previous, but some one got in front of our hits and pulled down seemingly long drives until the game ended seven to two against us.

THE SCORE

BELOIT	R	H	P	A	E
E. Brown, 2 b	1	2	4	2	0
E. Merrill, 1 f	0	0	3	0	1
Slater, 1 b	2	2	9	1	0
Adkins, p	2	2	0	3	1
R. Brown, s s	1	1	1	2	0
Morly, r. f	1	1	1	0	0
Dupee, 3 b	0	1	4	3	1
Lipp, c f	0	1	0	0	0
A. Merrill c	0	0	5	2	0
Totals	7	11	27	13	3

NOTRE DAME

	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	0	0	2	9	2
Morgan, 1 b	1	1	10	0	0
Farley, r f	0	2	1	0	0
Donahoe, c f	0	1	3	0	2
Bergen, 3 b	0	0	3	1	0
Walsh, 2 b	1	1	4	0	0
O'Neill, c	0	1	4	2	0
Fleete, p	0	0	0	1	1
Duggan, 1 f	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	2	6	27	13	6

Home runs—Morgan. Two-base hit—Walsh. Stolen bases—Donahoe, Adkins, 2; Slater. Struck out—by Fleete, 4; by Adkins, 5. Double play—Dupee to Slater to Dupee. Hit by pitcher—Bergen. Passed balls—Merrill, 2. Umpire—Tindell. Time of Game, 1 hour and 45 minutes.

We Turn the Tables on Illinois.

N. D., 10; ILLINOIS, 7.

One of the most exciting games ever played on a Notre Dame field was seen by lovers of the diamond here last Monday when our fellows took the fast Illinois team into camp. Not until the last ball was pitched and Umpire Tindell called De Velde out at second on a forced play, was the game decided. When the umpire gave his decision and the game was over, the rooters turned loose some of the enthusiasm pent up within them, and a mighty roar as of cannon was the result. But it was a pretty game. Morgan's beautiful drive to the fence in left, nearly a league high, and Lundgen's neat hit into deep, left centre along with three baggers by Stunwodell, Farley and Duggan, and a few drives for two sacks were the batting features. In the field, Bergen, Walsh and Morgan for our side, and De Velde for Illinois played gilt-edged ball.

Lundgen threw a masterly game for his *Alma Mater*, allowing ten hits, it is true, but the hits were scattered, and had his men supported him the result might have been different. Billy Fleete was in fine trim and, like Lundgen, he allowed numerous hits but spread them mightily. Both teams pounded the ball hard at times, and luckily our hits came when Illinois was making errors. Our fellows worked hard, very hard, and deserved the victory. Had Illinois tied our score in the ninth we might have gone in and turned off a few long singles and made the result worse for them.

The visiting team began business in the first inning, scoring a run on a clean drive for one and three bases. The fifth gave them another

on a hit, an error and an out. They made two in the sixth on a brace of three singles and a base on balls and an out. Three hits, a hit batsman and a base on balls gave Illinois two in the eighth. In the last inning they filled the bases and drove one man home on a hit, leaving the bags filled again when the last man was put out.

Our runs were made in three innings. We scored in the third on two drives for a pair of bases each and a single. We secured six in the fourth on two singles, a three baser and a bunch of errors. The sixth was productive of three on an error, O'Neill's race around the bags and Morgan's long hit bringing Lynch home before him. The game ended with the run column showing seven for Illinois and ten for Notre Dame.

SUMMARY.

ILLINOIS	R	H	P	A	E
Cook, i b	1	1	6	1	1
De Velde, r f	1	3	2	0	0
Stunwodell, 3 b	0	2	1	0	3
Stahl, c	0	1	11	3	1
Higgins, s s	0	1	1	2	2
Matthews, 2 b	0	1	3	2	2
Lotz, l f	3	4	0	0	0
Lundgen, p	2	1	0	2	1
Sawyer, r f	0	0	0	0	1
Falkenberg, r f	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	7	14	24	10	11
NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	1	0	3	3	1
Morgan, i b	1	3	10	0	0
Farley, r f	0	1	1	0	0
Donahoe, c f	1	0	1	0	0
Bergen, 3 b	1	1	2	5	1
Walsh, 2 b	1	0	3	4	0
O'Neill, c	2	1	4	1	1
Fleete, p	2	2	0	0	0
Duggan, l f	1	2	3	0	0
Totals	10	10	27	13	3

Home runs—Morgan and Lundgen. Three-base hits—Duggan, Farley, Stunwodell. Two-base hits—Duggan and Fleete. Stolen bases—Morgan, Donahoe, O'Neill, Walsh and Stunwodell. Double plays—Lynch, Walsh and Morgan. Struck out—by Lundgen, 11; by Fleete, 4. Bases on balls—by Fleete, 4. Wild pitches—Fleete and Lundgen. Hit by pitcher—by Fleete, 2; by Lundgen, 1. Time of game—2 hours and 15 minutes. Umpire, Tindell.

Northwestern Easy.

NOTRE DAME, 13; NORTHWESTERN, 4.

Northwestern suffered a defeat on Cartier Field Tuesday that put them out of the running. Pitcher Johnson sat on the bench and looked on while his fellow twirler received the severest drubbing he ever got. Sixteen hits for a total of twenty-four bases is the result of the day's batting. Every man on our team secured at least one single, Captain Donahoe

getting four. Jimmie Morgan gave us another pretty home-run drive, sending the ball into deep left centre field and over the bank of the running track. This was the longest hit ever made on Cartier Field with the possible exception of Pike, the big Indiana man's, long hit last year.

Ryan struck out three men and gave the Northwestern boys but six hits, but three of their four runs were due solely to his wildness. Mr. Myers for Northwestern gave three bases on balls and hit no one, but our fellows hit him hard enough to make up for this deficiency. The game was long drawn out and uninteresting. Our good hitting and Myers' gyrations in the batter's box were the only redeeming incidents.

We scored at least one run in every inning except the seventh. Our three were made in the first on three singles, Donahoe's three-bagger and a passed ball. One two-base hit, a wild pitch and an error gave us two in the second. We scored three in the third on four hits; once in the fourth on a hit, a sacrifice and a stolen base. We got two more in the sixth on Morgan's home run, an error, a stolen base and a hit. An error, a hit, a stolen base and an out gave us two in the eighth.

SUMMARY.

Home run—Morgan. Three-base hits—Donahoe, Ryan and Smiley. Two-base hit—Lynch. Stolen bases—Notre Dame, 8. Double plays—Smiley and West; Ryan, Walsh and Morgan. Bases on balls—by Ryan, 7; by Myers, 3. Hit by pitcher—Ryan, 2. Struck out—by Ryan 3. Wild pitch—Ryan, 4; Myers, 2. Passed balls—O'Neill, 2; Flegler, 1. Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes. Umpire, Dwyer.

Indiana's Unexpected Victory.

INDIANA, 7; NOTRE DAME, 4.

That the unexpected sometimes happens was clearly and sadly demonstrated here last Thursday afternoon. Indiana University's team of baseball men came quietly into our grounds, administered a defeat to our boys that was altogether unlooked for, and stole away softly full to overflowing with joy. Our fellows have lost games here in past years on account of many different things, but never in the history of the game at Notre Dame were they beaten as they were Thursday by Indiana. Before the game began there was not a spectator on the grounds, not even in the Indiana camp, that would predict such a result.

So the unexpected happens sometimes, and we shall do well to profit by our small expe-

rience. Anyone with half an eye to baseball can see that we out-classed our Indiana friends in every department of the game. The fact that one day's good work and a great deal of luck earned them a victory over Notre Dame does not alter our position with regard to the state championship. We gave them a terrible beating on their own grounds and defeated Purdue in two games. Purdue did likewise to Indiana. If that is not a clear title we should like to know. Six of Indiana's seven runs were made in the first two innings. Eight hits for a total of ten bases, four errors, a passed ball, two stolen bases and a wild pitch did the damage. Their last run came in the eighth on a hit batsman and two singles. We scored twice in the fourth on two hits and as many errors. An error, a stolen base and two hits for a total of four bases gave us two more runs in the sixth inning.

INNINGS—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
INDIANA—	2	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	0=7
NOTRE DAME—	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	0	0=4

Three-base hits—Morgan and Boyle. Double plays—Lynch, Walsh and Morgan. Stolen bases—Morgan, 2; Walsh, Campbell and Duggan. Struck out—By Boyle, 2; Hogan, 1; Fleete, 1. Bases on balls—Boyle, 2. Hit by pitcher—Walsh and Sutphin. Passed balls—Campbell, 2. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes. Umpire, Raap.

Personals.

—Mrs. P. T. Barry of Chicago, Ill., was a guest of the University lately.

—Mr. J. A. Krieger of Chesterton, Ind., made a short stay here during the past few days.

—Mr. F. W. Baude of Chicago, Ill., spent Sunday here with his son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. M. Elmer of Chicago, Ill., lately visited Master E. Mooney, a student of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. E. Baude is making a brief stay at the University on a visit to her grandson of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. Hanlon of Chicago, Ill., paid a brief visit to their son of St. Edward's Hall on last Sunday.

—We learn from a Chicago journal of the recent death of James Ward, an old student. For several years he attended the University, and by his manly character won the respect and good will of his associates. The SCHOLASTIC joins with the students in their expressions of sympathy toward the members of the bereaved family.

—The sad news also comes to us of the death of Mr. J. Quill, another of the older students of the University. He was graduated here in the class of '85. The heartfelt regret and sorrow of the students, extended to the family in their present loss, is an indication of the esteem in which he is held by his members of the present student body.

Local Items.

—Kelly and Fensler are still holding out for more pay.

—Brace up, old man, look as if you'd paid your poll tax!

—Those who wish to have invitations to the Commencement exercises sent to their friends should notify Bro. Paul.

—All thanks to the members of the University band and to Professor Roche for their good work at the games!

—The Lady Fingers, Never-Sweats, Dandelions, Anti-Fats, Knockers, etc., are the names of a few of the teams that have sprung up within the past week.

—WANTED:—Some western college pitcher who can dish up curves and shoot fast enough to prevent one Mr. Morgan of Notre Dame from getting a "homer."

—We notice the University parterre is bedecked with many young cacti which have grown up during the winter. Our Gaelic friend, Michael, is busy beautifying the little park in front of St. Edward's Hall.

—Captain Bouza has selected the following men to represent Corby Hall in the annual boat races during Commencement week:

V. Corbett, No. 1; D. Du Brul, No. 2; H. Davitt, No. 3; F. Brent, No. 4; F. Sturla, No. 5; F. Bouza, Stroke and Captain; R. Kasper, Coxswain; G. Ziegler, Sub-oarsman.

—The large staff picture of the SCHOLASTIC editors, now hanging in Sorin Hall, was framed by Brother Columkille. He has many objects of his skill around the University, and his last piece of work is not the least artistic and meritorious. We of the board thank the good Brother for the favourable manner in which he has placed us before the public.

—The Carroll Hall baseball team went to try conclusions with the South Bend High School yesterday. The game resulted in a victory for the High School boys. The Carrollites played a good game in the field, but lost owing to their inability to hit pitcher Cricky who allowed them but three hits. Oppergelt pitched a good game for the Carrollites. The final score was nine to six against the college boys.

—The golf links are about complete. In a week we shall be able to give the opinion of the local eminent men as to what they think of the game. Bob Fox who is on the links every day, thinks that the reformation has done him a world of good. He can get his lessons in a shorter time, and, consequently, goes to bed earlier than was his wont. He no longer has that muddled feeling in the morning, or throat lined with unslaked lime that he was afflicted with before he learned to cry, "fore!"

—Count Pintbottle came along the other day with his stock in trade—a hand-organ and a monkey. The legal lights of Sorin Hall were very much delighted at the antics of the chimpanzee; who is almost as funny as Johnny Curry. The monkey caught several coins tossed his way, and cleverly dodged a pitcher of water thrown from the second flat by J. J. Sullivan.

Pete who happened along from Corby Hall just then showed the thickness of blood as compared with water by taking the monkey out of further danger. Yockey drew a sigh of regret to see the hairy jester go. He said "That monkey showed signs of understanding me."

—And that reminds us that a countrified looking gentleman came along the other day with a book under his arm and an innocent smile on his sun-bronzed countenance. The stranger wished to interview the voters of Sorin Hall. Mr. J. Lavelle, a rising young lawyer, thought him an easy thing—a second Mr. Duffy, as it were. He tried to bluff the rube, who raised him ten and called his hand when Mr. Lavelle came back. As a consequence the man of law signed a book promising to pay his poll tax.

Johnny, thou art yet young, and hast to learn how *rare* a thing is *common-sense*. In the leafy month of June, when the sun shines bilin' hot, and you are at work on the Niles' road, we'll walk to see you make your mark on the world with a pickaxe.

—Susannah, the Missouri Whirlwind, has become a baseball magnate. He was around among some of the leaguers last week trying to induce them to sign contracts. The contract, which is a sort of iron-clad, blood-thirsty agreement, reads thusly:

"I, Susannah the Great, the only living Missouri whirlwind, as the party of the first part, and ————— as the party of the second part (barring accidents) do hereby enter into an agreement, the keeping of which is to be broken only by I, Susannah the Great, as the party of the—as herein before stated—first part, etc., etc."

This contract is somewhat on the plan of a roof garden. Such men as Kelly and Fensler have refused to sign it, declaring that there is some deep, hidden meaning between the lines which Susannah alone knows.

—The rats on the north side of the first dormitory have challenged those on the south side to a track meet, same to be held some dark night in the future. Needless to say, the defi has been accepted and both teams have gone into active training. McGlew is coaching the north side rats, and Milo the southerners. Last Monday night the north siders held a try-out. The contests began at about ten p. m. and lasted until morning. Gratton acted as judge at finish, time-keeper, water-boy, etc. Everything went on smoothly until the shot-

put, when Gratton decided that a little white rat that had put the shot (In this case it happened to be some one's shol.) only 32 feet, was entitled to first place owing to a foul committed by his rival a big black. This decision so angered the black and his friends that they rushed at poor Gratton and actually chewed holes in his coat. Gratton now became annoyed, and with two or three tears dripping down his mobile countenance, he seized his beloved coat in his strong right, and in a voice full of trembling and pathos he lisped: "Shoo, you naughty animals! How dare you!" This proved too much for the rats and they vamoosed. A couple of nights ago the south siders held their try-outs in which Milo appeared. On account of his timetable familiarity and other attainments, Milo was selected to act as time-keeper. In the 220-yard hurdle race Milo became confused and announced the time to be 53 seconds. Every rat in the vicinity then jumped on poor Milo, took his watch away, tore his handkerchief into shreds, and scared Milo out of ten years' growth. Several others have also had similiar experiences. Try-outs are held every night now.

—The Minims are the greatest baseball enthusiasts here. They have organized eight teams, and these will hold contests among themselves to decide who shall win the right to be team 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th. We may be sure the games to be played to gain the coveted positions will arouse as much enthusiasm among the little men as if they were playing for the State Championship. We give a list of the names of the captains and their various teams, also the position each team aspires to.

First Nine:—H. Donahoe, Captain; A. Von Herbulis, J. Young, J. Garrigan, J. Gallart, J. Bertling, T. Smithwick, D. Fergus, J. Quinlan, W. Eiffert.—A. Bosworth, Captain; W. Robins, E. Rousseau, F. Stafford, D. Randle, M. Staples, B. Mulligan, J. McBride, R. Cuesta, H. Rotchford.

Second Nine:—D. Brooks, Captain; J. Moran, H. Downer, C. Kelley, H. Spengler, E. Echeid, R. Madero, A. Johnson, E. Creel, J. Lynch, H. Fox, F. Hoffman.—W. Healy, Captain; C. McFarland, P. Munson, V. Cuesta, S. Dee, W. Munson, K. Mix, H. Beers, J. Butler, R. Hemtz, M. D'Heur, B. Houser.

Third Nine:—W. Kasper, Capt.; W. Lasman, L. Robinson, W. Dee, F. Baude, G. Rempe, F. Sabin, C. Von Phul, J. Sullivan, G. Carey, O. Goedel, T. M. Fadden.—H. St. Clair, Capt., O. Von Herbulis, J. Woods, E. Goodhue, L. Mooney, E. McDowd, R. Graham, L. Weist, C. Schonlau, G. Freese, J. Chittenden, C. Miles.

4th Nine:—E. Johnston, Capt.; W. McBride, H. Rempe, R. McGill, J. McIver, L. Knight, M. Stout, J. Crane, H. Spengler, W. Rudolph, E. Van Sandt, F. McIver, Capt., L. Hoffman, T. Hanlon, L. Rempe, E. Kelly, E. Stout, T. Crane, A. Cartier, L. Hoff, M. Rudolph, H. Warren.